SYNOPSIS.

David Amber, starting for a duck-shooting visit with his friend Quain, comes upon a young lady equestrian who has been dismounted by her horse becoming frightened at the sudden appearance in the road of a burly Hindu. He declares he is Behari Lai Chatterli, "The appointed mouthplece of the Bell," addresses Amber as a man of high rank and pressing a mysterious little bronze box, "The Token," into his hand disappears in the wood. The girl calls Amber by name. He in turn addresses her as Miss Sophio Farrell, daughter of Col. Farrell of the British diplomatic service in India and visiting the Quains. Several nights later the Quain home is burglarized and the bronze box stolen. Amber and Quain go hunting on an island and become lost and Amber is left marconed. He wanders about, finally reaches a cabin and recognizes as its occupant an old friend named Rutton, whom he last met in Rogland, and who appears to be in hiding. When Miss Farrell is mentioned Rutton is strangely agitated. Chatterji appears and summons Rutton to a meeting of a mysterious body. Rutton seizes a revolver and dashes after Chatterji. He returns wildly excited, says he has killed the Hindu, takes poison, and when dying asks Amber to go to India on a mysterious errand. Amber decides to leave at once for India. On the way he sends a letter to Mr. Labertouche, a scientific friend in Calcutta, by a quicker route. Upon arriving he finds a note awaiting him. It directs Amber to meet his friend at a certain place. The latter tells him he knows his mission is to get Miss Farrell out of the country. Amber attempts to dispose of the Token to a money-lender, is mistaken for Eutton and barely escapes beling mobbed. A message from Labertouche causes him to start for Darleeling; on the way he meets Miss labertouche causes him to start for Daron the way he meets Miss and at their Journey's end asks her to become his wife. A Hindu conducts Amber to a secret place.

CHAPTER XIV. (Continued)

"Well, then, what do you want? Why have you brought me here?" Why didst thou come? There was no force used: thou didst come of thine own will-thine own will, which

"Oh, damnation! Why d'you insist on beating round the bush forever? You know well why I came. Now, what do you want?"

is the will of the Body, hazoor!"

"My lord, I move, it seems, in the ways of error. A little time ago the words of the Voice were made known to thee in a far land; thou didst anewer, coming to this country. A few days agone I myself did repeat to you the message of the Bell; thou didst wear thou wouldst not answer, yet art thou here in Kuttarpur. Am I to blamed for taking this for a sign of thy repentance? . . . Hazoor, the Body is patient, the Will benignant and long-suffering. Still is the Gateway open.

"Is that what you wanted to tell me. Saligh Singh?"

"What else? Am I to believe thee a madman, weary of life, that thou shouldst venture hither with a heart hardened against the Will of the wanted to show me?" Body? I seek but to serve thee in thus daring thy displeasure. Why shouldst thou come to Bharuta at all by way of a small doorway behind the If they does not intend to undergo the throne, and after a little turning and Ordeal of the Gateway? Am I a fool twisting through tortuous passages or-I say it in all respect, my lordart thou?

"From the look of things, I fancy the epithet fits us both Salig Singh. You refuse to take my word for it that I know nothing of your infamous Gateway and have no intention of ever most court of approaching it, that I have not a drop all Kuttarpur. of Indian blood in me and am in no way related to or connected with Har jungle of exotic plants and shrubs Dyal Rutton, who is dead-"

"I may not believe what I know to be untrue.

"You'll have to learn to recognize the truth, I'm afraid. For the final time I tell you that I am David Amber, a citizen of the United States of America, traveling in India on purely personal business."

The Rajput inclined his head submissively. "Then is my duty all but done, hazoor. Thrice bath the warning been given thee. There be still four-andtwenty hours in which, it may be, thou shalt learn to see clearly. My lord, I ask of thee a single favor. Wilt thou follow me?" He motioned toward the arched entrance to the passageway.

Follow thee?" Amber at length dropped into Urdu, unconsciously adopting the easier form of communication now that, he felt, the issue between them was plain, that the Raiput labored under no further misunderstanding as to the reason of his presence in Khandawar. "Whither?" "There is that which I must show

"What?"

"My life be forfeit if thou dost not return unharmed to the resthouse ere halted, thunderstruck. sunrise. Wilt thou come?"

"To what end, Salig Singh?" stubbornly, his head lifted in pride and his nostrils dilated a little with word of a Rajput. Thou art my guest, since thou wilt have it so. No harm shall come to thee, upon my honor."

Curiosity triumphed. Amber knew that he had exacted the most honored pledge known in Rajputana. His apprehensions were at rest; nothing could touch him now-until he had deturned to the bungalow. Then, he divined, it was to be open war-himself and Labertouche pitted against the strength of the greatest conspiracy known in India since the days of '57. But for the present, no pledge of any late,

"So be it," he assented on impulse. "I follow."

With no other word Salig Singh turned and strode down the corridor.

CHAPTER XV.

From a High Place. The passageway was long and dark and given to sudden curves and angles, penetrating, it seemed, the very bowels of the Raj Mahai. It ended unexpectedly in a low arch through which the two men passed into an open courtyard, apparently given over entirely to stables. Despite the lateness of the hour it was tenanted by several wideawake syces, dancing attendance upon a pair of blooded stallions of the stud royal, who saddled, bridled and hooded, pawed and champed impatiently in the center of the yard, making it echo with the ringing of iron on stone and the jingling of their silver curb-chains.

Sallg Singh paused, with a wave of his hand calling Amber's attention to the superb brutes.

"Thou canst see, hazoor, that all is prepared!" "For what?"

But Salig Singh merely smiled enigmatically, and shaking a patient head, passed on

A second arch gave upon a corridor which led upwards and presently chr nged into a steep flight of steps, of ancient storn worn smooth and grooved with the traffic of generations of naked feet. At the top they turned aside and passed through a heavy door which Salig Singh unlocked with a private key, into a vast, vacant room, with a lofty ceiling supported by huge, unwieldy pillars of stone, sculptured with all the loves and wars of Hindu mythology. At one end the fitful, eerie flare of a great bronze brazier revealed the huge proportions of an ivory throne, gorgeous with gems and cloth of gold, standing upon a dais and flanked by two motionless figures which at first sight Amber took to be pieces of statuary. But they quickened, saluting with a single movement and a flash of steel, as the maharana drew nearer, and so proved themselves troopers of the state,

standing guard with naked swords. "There is no need, perhaps, to tell thee, hazoor," Salig Singh muttered, bending to Amber's ear, "that sitting upon this throne, in this Hall of Audience, for generations thy forefathers ruled this land, making and administering its laws, meting out justice. honored of all men-and served, my lord, for generations by my forebears. the faithful stewards of thy house; even as I would prove faithful."

"Interesting," Amber interrupted, brusquely, "if true. Is this what you

"Nay, hazoor, not this alone. Come." The rajput led him out of the hall they began to ascend again, and so went on up, ever upwards, the flight of steps broken by other corridors, other apartments, other galleries and gardens, until at length they emerged into a garden laid out in the very topmost court of all-the loftiest spot in

It was a very beautiful garden, a threaded by narrow walks that led to secluded nooks and unsuspected pleasaunces, and lighted by low-swung festoons of dim lamps, many-colored. "My lord," said the maharana, paus-

ing, "If thou wilt wait here for a little, permitting me to excuse myself-?" "All right," Amber told him tolerantly. "Run along."

Salig Singh quietly effaced himself, and the American watched him go with an inward chuckle. "I presume I'll have to pay for my impudence in the end," he thought; "but it's costing Salig Singh a good deal to hold himself in." He moved away from the cistern, idling down a path in a direction opposite that taken by Salig Singh. An abrupt turn brought him to the outer wall, and he stopped to gaze. leaning upon the low marble balus-

trade. Amber turned away to rejoin Salig Singh by the cistern. But the rajput was not there; and, presently, another path tempting him to unlawful exploration, he yielded and sauntered aimlessly away. A sudden corner cloaked with folinge brought him to a little open space, a patch of lawn over which a canopy had been raised. Beneath this, a woman sat alone. He

Simultaneously, with a soft swish of draperies, a clash of jeweled brace-"Furthermore," the Rajput persisted lets, dull and musical, and a flash of coruscating color, the woman stood before him, young, slender, graceful, scorn-"furthermore I offer thee the garbed in indescribable splendor-and velled.

For the space of three long breaths the Virginian hesitated, unspeakably amazed. Though she were velled, it were deep dishonor for a woman of a rajput's household to be seen by a Salig Singh should have unwittingly left him in any place where he might encounter an inmate of the zenana. Yet the maharana must have known . . Amber made an irresolute movement, as if to go. But it was too

With a murmur, inaudible, and a swift, infinitely alluring gesture, the

eyes. She moved toward him slowly, swaying, as graceful as a fawn, more beautiful than any woman he had ever known. His breath caught in his throat, for sheer wonder at this incomparable loveliness Before he could collect his wits she

warning cast herself upon her knees

before him and imprisoned both his

flesh, and then-wonder of wonders!-

The shock of it brought him to his

senses. Pitiful, dumfounded, horrifled,

he glared wildly about him, seeking

some avenue of escape. There was no

one watching: he thanked heaven for

that, while the cold sweat started out

upon his forehead. But still at his

feet the woman rocked, softly sobbing.

her fair shoulders gently agitated, and

still she defied his gentle efforts to

free his hands, holding them in a

grasp he might not break without

hurting her. He found his tongue

"Don't!" he pleaded, desperately.

'My dear, you mustn't. For pity's

sake don't sob like that! What under

the sun's the trouble? Don't please!

Though in time the flercest

paroxysm of her passion passed and

her sobs diminished in violence, she

clung heavily to him and made no re-

sistance when he lifted her in his

arms. The error was fatal; he had

designed to get her on her feet and

then stand away. But no sooner had

he raised her and succeeded in disen-

gaging his hands, than soft, round

arms were clasped tightly about his

neck and her face-if possible, more

ravishing in tears than when first he

had seen it-pillowed on his breast.

And for the first time she spoke co-

"Aie!" she walled, tremulously.

'Aie! Now is the cup of my happi-

with this lovely lunatic?"

Good Lord! what am I to do

through his fingers.

eventually.

herently.

turn from thy travels to take up thy father's crown? Ale! Thou canst never forget, beloved; though years and the multitude of faces have come between us as a vell, thou dost remember-even as thou didst rememhad made him captive-had without ber when the message of the Bell came to thee across the great black waters, and thou didst learn that the hands, burying her face in their palms. He felt her lips hot upon his shouldst sit in the place of thy fathers tears from those divine eyes streaming

A denial stuck in Amber's throat. The words would not come, nor would they, he believed, have served his purpose could he have commanded wherewith to persuade Salig Singh, he found none wherewith to refute the claim of this golden-faced woman who recognized him for her husband. He was wholly dismayed and aghast. But while he lingered in indecision, star thrown herself upon him again, was in his arms and crushing her lips upon

wrong thee, beloved! Perchance," she told him, archly, "thou didst not think to see me so soon, or in this garden? Perchance surprise hath robbed thee of thy wits-and thy tongue as well. O wordless one? Or thou art overcome with joy, as I am overcome, and smitten dumb by it, as I am not? Aho, Lalji! was ever a woman at loss for words to voice her happiness?" And nestling to him she laughed quietly, with a note as tender and sweet as the cooing of a wood-dove to its

recovered the power of speech tardily, and would have put her from him; but she held tight to him. "I am not thy husband, nor yet a raiput. I come from America, the far land where thy

from the north, Laiji—the maiden who of unmistakable resolve, "I will go; had grown to womanhood ere thy re- nor do I think that there be any here had grown to womanhood ere thy redays of thy extle were numbered, that the hour approached when again thou

vine forgiveness and compassion. And she gave him no time to think or to

"Nay," she murmured, "but I did

"Nay, but there is a mistake."

there were as easy as an hour after sunrise; for he had little doubt but that he was to die if he remained obdurate, and the hospitality of the rajput would cease to protect him the moment he set foot upon the marble bund of his bungalow. and caught his arm. "Of thy pity," and rule the world as once they ruled she begged, breathlessly, "hold for a space until I have taken thought.

thou hast told me be the truth, then am I widow before my time-widowed them. If he had found no argument and doomed!" in her eyes and voice. "Doomed to sati. For, since I am a widow-since thou dost maintain thou art not my husband-then my face hath been ing in the woman's face, her look of looked upon by a man not of mine own petulance was replaced by one of dipeople, and I am dishonored. Fire alone can cleanse me of that defilement-the pyre and the death by avoid her; in a twinkling she had Surely that custom has perished!"

ness full to brimming, now that thou he spoke simple truth. "Of thy hast returned to me at last, O my kind there is none more lovely in the tone, my lord!" she caught him up quickly. "Is there no mercy in thy heart for me? . . . Who is this woman across the seas who hath won thy love? .. . Aye, even that I know-that thou dost love this fair daughter of the English. Didst thou not lose the picture of her that was taken with the magic box of the sahibs? . . . Is it for her sake that thou dost deny me, O my husband? Is she more fair than I, are her lips more sweet?' vehemently, appalled by her reversion to that delusion. "Till this hour I have never seen thee; nor is the sa; hiba of any concern to thee. Let me go, please." not have shaken her off but with violence. He had been a strong man indeed who had not been melted to tenderness by her beauty and her distress. She lifted her glorious face to him, pleading, insistent, and played upon him with her voice of gold. "Yet

> "Come, then, and I will show thee my king. Come thou with me. Nay, why shouldst thou falter? There WALTERY

The Scarlet Lips Curled and the Eyes Grew Cold and Hard. lord! Well-nigh had I ceased to hope | husband died. for thee, O beloved; well-nigh had pain me to hurt thee so, Ranee, but this heart of mine grown cold within my bosom, that had no nourishment save hope, save hope! Day and night I have watched for thy coming for many years, praying that thou shouldst return to me ere this frail prettiness of mine, that made thee love me long ago, so fade that thy heart should turn to other women. O my husband!

"Husband! Great-heavens! Look here, my dear, hadn't you better come to your senses and let me go before-"

"Let thee go, Lalji, ere what? Ere any come to disturb us? Nay, but who should come between husband and wife in the first hour of their reunion after many years of separation? Is it not known-does not all Khandawar know how I have waited for thee, almost thy widow ere thy wife, all this weary time? . . . Or is it that thy heart hath forgotten thy childbride? Am I scorned, O my lord-I. Naraini? Is there no love in thy bosom to leap in response to the love of thee that is my life?"

She released him and whirled a pace or two away, draperies swirling, jewels scintillating cold fire in hopeless emulation of the radiance of her teargemmed eyes.

"Naraini?" stammered Amber, recalling what he had heard of the wom-"Naraini!"

"Aye, my lord, thy wedded wife!" stranger. It seemed inexplicable that The rounded little chin went up a thine anger and scorn, since I am not a wave of his disengaged hand, un-Har Dyal, my king and my beloved? that was given thee for wife when thy father reigned in Khandawar, and thou wert but a boy-a boy of ten, the Maharaj Har Dyal? Hast thou forgot name of which I am weary. woman swept the veil away from her ten the little maid they brought thee Now," with his mouth settled in lines warded.

. Nay, it doth the mistake is not of my making, and It hath been carried too far. Thy husband died in my presence-

"It is so, then!" she cut him short. And his arms were suddenly empty. to his huge relief. "Indeed, they had warned me that thou wouldst tell this story and deny me-why, I know not, unless it be that thou art unworthy of the frightful fall, utterly fearless and thy lineage, a coward and a weakling!" Her small foot stamped angrily and on every limb of her round body bracelets and anklets clashed and shimmered. "And so thou hast returned only to forswear me and thy kingdom. O thou of little spirit!" The scarlet lips curled and the eyes grew cold and hard with contempt. "If that be so, tell me, why hast thou returned at all? To die? For that thou must surely come to, if it be in thy mind to defy the behests of the Voice, thou king without a kingdom!

Why, then, art thou here, rather than running to hide in some far place, thinking to escape with thy worthless life-worthless even to thee, who art too craven to make a man's use of it-from the Vengeance of the Body?

Dost think I am to be tricked and hrodwinked-I, in whose heart thine image hath been enshrined these

many weary years?" "I neither think, nor know, nor greatly care, Rance," Amber interposed, wearily. "Doubtless I deserve trifie and her eyes gleamed angrily. he who thou wouldst have me be. If til the last cage-load of miners was 'Am I no longer thy Naraini, then? death must be my portion for this of hauled to the surface. At the same Or, wouldst thou deny that thou art fense, for that I resemble Har Dyal time part of the roof fell in; but Tom . . . then it is written that was got out, with his right arm ter-Rutton Hast thou indeed forgotten the child I am to die. My business here in ribly burned and nearly choked. To Khandawar hath concern neither with say that the miners were grateful thee, nor with the state, nor yet with would be superfluous, and between the Gateway of Swords-of the very them and the mining company the

> stork has planned the fire, and so pectedly courteous, even polished, takes a blazing stick in her beak to

> venge. bunch is dropped on a roof, and as at | tolerate." But Carlyle amused him by that time of year everything is dry as gravely hopping up and down in or-

How Carlyle Kept Warm.

only man who ever got Herbert Spencer to the Derby. Spencer said that the crowd of men on the grass looked

FATE AND THE FLETCHERS

He wheeled about, prepared to fight Intervention That Made It Certain his way out of the palace, if need be. Hour for Senator's Death Had indeed, it was in his mind that a death Not Struck.

> Senator Duncan U. Fletcher of Florida sought his berth one night on a sleeping car on the way south from Washington. Pulling back the curtains of a lower nine, he saw that his

But the woman sprang after him

"Aye!" And there was real terror

"Good God! you don't mean that!

"Thou shouldst know that it dieth

not. What to us women in whose

bodies runs the blood of royalty, is

an edict of your English government?

What the Sirkar itself to us in Khan-

dawar?" She laughed bitterly. "I am

Rohilla, a daughter of kings; my dis-

honor may be purged only by flame.

Arre! that I should live to meet with

such a fate-I, Naraini, to perish in

"Thou art assuredly most beautiful,

"There was tenderness then in your

"I am not thy husband," he declared

But she had him fast and he could

a moment gone thou didst tell me I

was greatly gifted with beauty. Have

I changed in thine eyes, O my king?

Canst thou look upon this poor beauty

and hear me tell thee of my love-and

indeed I am thine, altogether thine,

Lalji!-and harden thy heart against

me? . . . What though it be as thou hast said? What though thou art of a

truth not of the house of Rutton, nor

yet a rajput? Let us say that this is so, however hard it be to credit; even

so, am I not reward enough for thy

"I know not thy meaning, Ranee,

is naught for thee to fear-save me.'

She tugged at his hand and laughed

low, in a voice that sang like smitten

Unwillingly, he humored her. This

an half led, half dragged him to the

northern boundary of the garden,

where they entered a little turret

builded out from the walls over an

abyas fully three hundred feet in

depth. And here, standing upon the

verge of the parapet, with naught but

a foot-high coping between her and

unutterably lovely, Naraini flung out

a bare, jeweled arm in an eloquent

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Engineer's Brave Act.

Tom Shaunsey was running a hoist-

ing engine in a Nevada mine, where

three hundred men were employed One

day, just after the twelve o'clock shift

had gone down into the mine and

were well away from the main shaft

at work, it was suddenly discovered

that the hoisting works were on fire.

The building was old and dry, and

burned like tinder, and, notwith-

standing all efforts to quench it, it

burned so fast that it seemed as if the

men in the mine were doomed to suf-

focation. The heat in the hoisting

works drove out every one but Tom

Shaunsey, who stood by the engine.

with the lever in his hand, steadily

watching the cable as it ran through

the pulleys, with a speed never known

before. The men yelled to Tom to

come out, but he only replied with

brave engineer was handsomely re

. The wom-

glasses. "Come, beloved!"

could not last long. . .

renunciation?"

gesture.

"Doomed?"

disappointment.

Thou knowest that if what

bed was already occupied.
"Hi, there!" called the senator, shaking the stranger by the shoulder. The sleeper awoke and protested angrily.

"My name's Fletcher," explained the statesman, "and this is my berth." "You've got nothing on me," answered the other. "My name's Fletch-

er, and this is my berth." "My full name is Duncan U. Fletcher," the senator elaborated.

"So's mine," agreed the intruder. "Ab, I see," said the senator politely. "There must have been a mistake in reserving the same berth for two men of the same name. I'll go into the next sleeping car." The stranger, by this time, was fully

awake, and proceeded to apologize, and to offer to give up the berth. This the senator would not do, but went into the car ahead and found a place to sleep. An hour later the train was wreck-

ed. The car in which the stranger occupied the lower nine fell through a trestle, and that Fletcher was killed. The senator's car was not damaged at all .- Popular Magazine.

Explanations.

the flower of my beauty. . . . For I am beautiful, am I not?" She dropped Miss Fullosoul (of a poetical turn) the veil which instinctively she had Which are you of opinion one should caught across her face, and met his say, professor: "Summer files" or gaze with childish coquetry, torn "Summer flees?"

Absent-Minded Professor (great on though she seemed to be by fear and entomology)-The two species, my dear young lady, are entirely distinct. Rance," Amber told her, with a break Now, the common house fly- Then in his voice, very compassionate. And he wondered why she suddenly opened a conversation with the young man on her right.-London Sphere.

> Wasted Blessings. Aunty (just arrived)-Bless your

weet heart! Marie-You needn't waste any your blessings on him, aunty. Aunty-Him? Who?

Marie-My former sweetheart We're mad at each other now .-

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## Blame Eggplant and Stork

How the People of Constantinople Account for the Frequent Fires in That City.

sort had been exacted of him.

Constantinople is noted for its many d destructive fires, which the fatal-1st Turk regards as something that can't be helped, but which probably other nations do not accept with equal

conflagrations are most frequent in the months of August and September. and the Turks attribute this increase to the fondness of the inhabitants for egg plant. This is a great dainty in Constantinople, and is usually fried in

When it is plenty and cheap, it is prepared in almost every household, branches of which the nest is built; and as the kitchens of the poor are the stork, instead, thinks her neighbor

in pans perched previously on the coals. These are easily upset, the oil catches fire and there is a conflagration all ready.

But the present chief of the fire department-such as it is-declares that they should not blame the inoffensive egg plant, but should accuse the stork instead. He reasons that the stork builds her nest on the top of a chimney. A spark sets aftre the dry primitive, the frying is usually done and as the kitchens of the poor are

set fire to this neighbor's nest in re- ordinary self later on. On the second

minutes.

Sir Francis Galton met Carlyle like flies on a plate and that the twice. On the first occasion, he says. Derby was just like what he expected Carlyle surprised him by his "unex- it to be.

manner; but he became more like his occasion he seemed to me the great-More often, however, the blazing est bore that a country house could tinder, a big fire is burning in a few der to keep warm. Galton was the